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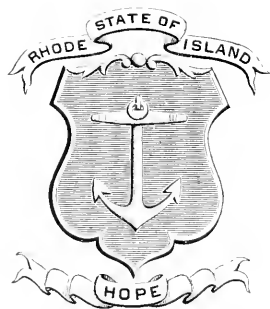


Brown
University

Presented by

Education Department







Arbor Day

RHODE ISLAND

MAY-8-1903

ARBOR DAY,

May 5, 1903.

Dear Friends:

Another twelvemonth has rolled away, and the time of the singing of birds has come. We again are face to face with that miracle which is older than the flood and yet is ever new. For the transformation of the cold, dead, barren earth of winter to the warm, pulsating life of spring never ceases to interest us in its development, never tires with its problems.

Indeed, the endless variety of the manifestations of the power, skill, and enduring purpose of bird and insect, of tree and flower, of all parts of God's Kingdom of Nature, affords the most interesting objects of study. They interest us not alone in their direct pursuit, but they are continually revealing new truths to us, or presenting old truths in new forms.

It is well it is so, for each successive generation of men and women needs to be taught the same eternal truths. Each class of boys and girls as it moves on from step to step has to find out for itself those fundamental ideas that God has locked up for safe keeping in Nature's storehouse, whence they are to be obtained only by persistent, loving effort.

I suggest, therefore, that you make your study of nature this year, not merely the occasions for finding out new and curious things, but well-directed efforts to unfold the meanings thereof, their relation to other parts of the natural world and to yourselves. As you watch carefully the slow, but sure, process by which the dry, hard, apparently lifeless seed becomes the beautiful plant, sending out its branches to bask in the sunshine, to battle with the storm, to do their part in making the world a better place to live in, let the lesson of its faith in its destiny, of its trust in its mission, of the accomplishment of even great results by tiny efforts, if only rightly directed, sink deep into your hearts.

Indeed, men of thought and insight have always found in Nature's storehouse the choicest gems. More than three centuries ago Shakespeare "finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Only this past year a book has been published, "The School of the Woods," by W. J. Long, which has revealed more of Dame Nature's secrets than has been done before for many a year.

As you start out with the opening spring, either upon the well-ordered, well-regulated study of some branch of botany or zoölogy, or upon the dash and pursuit of some chance specimen of rock, or flower, or animal, let it be your purpose to read all the lessons that are there recorded, remembering that there is nothing created in vain, but that there is "good in everything."

Let it be our purpose to pursue that good and to find it.

THOMAS B. STOCKWELL,

COMMISSIONER.

" Chirps the swallow, flying over,
Hums the bee among the clover,
Laughs the chipmunk, frisky rover,
' Life is very good.' "



UTLINE PROGRAMME.



SONG

SCRIPTURE READING

SONG

ESSAYS

RECITATIONS

READINGS

THE COMING OF SPRING

LESSONS FROM NATURE'S AWAKENING

SONG

SHORT ADDRESSES

SONG

PLANTING

SONG

SCRIPTURE READING.

For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills ;

A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates, a land of oil—olive, and honey ;

A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it ; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad ; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein : then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice Before the Lord ;

For the seed shall be prosperous ; the vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heavens shall give their dew.

And I will make them and the place round about my hill a blessing ; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season ; there shall be showers of blessing.

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament sheweth His handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven and his circuit unto the ends of it : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

O give thanks unto the Lord : for he is good ; for his mercy endureth forever.

A Walk In Spring.

I'm very glad the spring is come : the sun shines out so bright,

The little birds upon the trees are singing for delight ;
The young grass looks so fresh and green, the lambs
do sport and play.

And I can skip and run about as merrily as they.

I like to see the daisy and the buttercups once more,
The primrose, and the cowslip too, and every pretty
flower ;

I like to see the butterfly extend her painted wing,
And all things seem, just like myself, so pleased to
see the spring.

The fishes in the little brook are jumping up so high,
The lark is singing sweetly as she mounts unto the
sky,

The rooks are building up their nests upon the great
oak tree,
And everything's as busy and as happy as can be.

There's not a cloud upon the sky, there's nothing
dark or sad ;

I jump, and scarce know what to do, I feel so very
glad.

God must be very good indeed, who made each pretty
thing ;

I'm sure we ought to love him much for bringing back
the spring.

—M. A. Stoddart.

SELECTIONS FOR RECITATION.

COMING OF SPRING.

May Day.

" Who comes this way with smiles so gay,
And feet so lightly tripping ?
A little queen with mantle green
From dainty shoulders slipping.
In pink and white the blossoms bright
Run swiftly out to meet her,
The brooks rejoice to hear her voice,
And robins sing the sweeter."

—*Primary Education.*

The Voice of Spring.

I come, I come ! ye have called me long ;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song ;
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut
flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen lanes
Are veiled with wreaths as Italian plains ;
But it is not for me in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain ;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

Spring.

Look all around thee ! how the spring advances !
New life is playing through the gay, green trees ;
See how, in yonder bower, the light leaf dances
To the bird's tread, and to the quivering breeze !
How every blossom in the sunlight glances !
The winter frost in his dark cavern flees,
And earth, warm-wakened, feels through every vein
The kindling influence of the vernal rain.

How silvery streamlets, from the mountain stealing,
Dance joyously the verdant vales along ;
Cold fear no more the songster tongue is stealing,
Down in the thick, dark grove is heard his song ;
And all their bright and lovely hues revealing,
A thousand plants the field and forest throng ;
Light comes upon the earth in radiant showers,
And mingling rainbows play among the flowers.

—*Ludwig Tieck.*

At the Court of Spring.

"Tell me, ye pussies, in soft gray gown,
Who is the notable coming to town?
And why do you sit in this satin array,
On the willow bough, by the broad highway,
Patiently waiting the livelong day?"

Sage was the nod of the wise little head,
"We attend at the Court of Spring," she said,
"And we welcome the March wind, shrill and
keen,
For is he not herald of our loved queen?"

—*Selected.*

Fashions at the Court of Queen Flora.

"Oh, pray, do you know of those wonderful styles
To be worn with the sweetest and rarest of smiles,
At Queen Flora's court, at receptions in spring,
When each one comes out in the latest new thing?
The modiste who designs all these beautiful things
Is called Fairy Nature, and her artists she brings
From the north and the south, and the east and
the west,
And selects from all of their works what is best.

"Of her artists the greatest is named Mr. Sun,
His lights and his shadows can be equaled by none;
And his palette of colors, in rainbows and flowers,
And bright sunset clouds and the fragrant rose-
bowers,
Have bewildered and baffled all mortals who tried
To copy his work, but at failure have sighed.
This artist provides cloth-of-gold for the queen;
And from dewdrops makes diamonds, or emeralds
green.

"In green satin tunics the Grasses appear,
While the Leaves change their robes several times
in the year;
In the spring they wear shades of most delicate
green,
But in autumn in crimson and yellows are seen.
The first little Snowdrops are wrapped in white
down,
While the Crocus sprite ventures forth in a silk
gown.
But the Tulips wear mantles of purple and gold,
Over robes of rich crimson, as the air is still cold.

"Pale mauve, or soft pink, is the Hyacinth's shade,
In the shape of a bell is her graceful skirt made,
With a girdle of green, and a hat of pale rose,
She's in truth quite a belle at the court, I suppose.
Rich purple-hued velvets the Pansy maids wear,
While cunning caps rest on their long yellow hair.
The tall graceful Lilies are dressed all in white,
With crowns of pure gold, most dazzlingly bright,

"Miss Daisy wears bodice of gold-colored silk,
And skirts slashed in points of ganze white as milk.
And sash of brown velvet with cap of the same,
In truth—a dear daisy—in looks as in name.
In bright scarlet gowns all the Poppies appear,
With pale green-colored hose, and bonnets so queer!
They nod their small heads with expression so wise—
It would seem to be thought—but for sleep in their
eyes.

"At summer receptions the Rose sprites appear,
Soft satins, pink, white, or gold-colored they wear,
With bodices trimmed with pink moss buds and
leaves,
And mantles of bright light that Mr. Sun weaves.
The Forget-me-nots dance in robes of pale blue,
And the Violets and Blue-bells wear this color too,
While the dear little Clover sprites in pink or white,
Play hide-and-seek with each other in shadow or
light.

"When dust soils these toilets, lest their beauty
should wane,
They are freshened and cleaned by one Mr. Rain;
And at evening receptions an artist most rare,
By name, a Miss Moonlight, arranges with care
And with marvelous skill all the costumes so bright;
And in her work both mortals and fairies delight;
For she softens gay colors and fair faces too,
And can sometimes make old things appear almost
new.

"There are rich, gallant lords, and fair ladies, of
course,
At Queen Flora's court; and a well-ordered force
Of uniformed troops—the Oaks and the Pines—
Who guard her dominions so rich in rare mines.
The Pines wear green uniforms all days in the year,
But the Oaks and the Maples in gay colors appear
At the autumn receptions, so brilliant and grand,
Ere King Winter has driven them out of the land."

—*Lydia Hoyt Farmer.*

Spring Harbingers.

Our Mother Earth is in her loom,
A-weaving night and day;
Her new spring carpet must be done
Before the month of May!

Just see the stripes of red and green,
Of yellow, brown, and blue!
In warp and woof I've never seen
A web of such rare hue.

Our grand snow king is melting down,
And never more will rise;
The icicles that spike his crown
Have dwindled, too, in size;

And busy fingers I behold,
That weave with fairy floss,
As on the bare rocks, hard and cold,
They spread their mats across.

My heart leaps high, as, far and wide,
Where'er I chance to stray,
I find sweet harbingers that hide
Their elfin forms away.

Down deep within the tangled woods,
With that bright swarm of bees,
The birds, the butterflies, the buds,
That seek such haunts as these.

Weave on, weave on, dear Mother Earth,
Thy carpet warm and bright,
Of warp and woof thou hast no dearth;
And oh, with what delight

We'll make its folds spread o'er the land
In length and breadth complete;
And praise the kind and loving hand
That placed it 'neath our feet.

—*Nature in Verse.*

The Fashions of Spring.

In the dark of her chamber low
March works sweeter things than mortals know.
Her noiseless looms ply on with busy care,
Weaving the fine cloth that the flowers wear.

She sews the seams in violet's queer hood,
And paints the sweet arbutus of the wood.
Out of a bit of sky's delicious blue
She fashions hyacinths and harebells, too;
And from a sunbeam makes a cowslip fair,
Or spins a gown for a daffodil to wear.

She pulls the covers from the crocus beds,
And bids the sleepers lift their drowsy heads.
"Come, early risers; come, anemone,
My pale wind flower, awake, awake," calls she,
"The world expects you, and your lovers wait,
To give you welcome at Spring's open gate."

She marshals the close armies of the grass,
And polishes their green blades as they pass;
And all the blossoms of the fruit trees sweet,
Are piled in rosy shells about her feet.

Within her great alambic she distills
The dainty odor which each flower fills;
Nor does she ever give to mignonette
The perfume that belongs to violet
Nature does well whatever task she tries,
Because obedient,—there the secret lies.

—*Round the Year in Myth and Song.*

May.

May shall make the world anew;
Golden sun and silver dew,
Money minted in the sky,
Shall the earth's new garments buy.

—*F. D. Sherman.*

May.

Starting, starting from the earth,
See the pretty flowers!
Wakened from their winter's sleep
By the springtime showers.

Now we know that May hath come,
O'er the meadows dancing;
Robin lifts his sweetest song,
Sunbeams round him glancing.

Bluebird's knocking at the door,
Swallow's hither coming;
And, o'er all the sunny mead,
Springtime bees are humming.

Golden sunshine, silver rain,
Each its work is doing;
Birds and bees and blossoms fair,
Now the world renewing.

O thou merry month o' May!
We have come to meet you;
Little lads and lassies gay,
Happily we greet you.

From your pretty flowers, dear,
We will take a warning;
And we'll try our work to do
In life's fair May morning.

—*Helen E. Curtis.*

May Blossoms.

Like music they seem to burst out together,
The little and the big with a beautiful burst;
They sweeten the wind, they paint the weather,
And no one remembers which was first.

—*Selected.*

A bluebird sang in my window;
A blue violet peeped below;
A deep blue sky was over them.
They said, "Spring has come! did you know?"

—*Selected.*

LESSONS FROM NATURE'S AWAKENING.

Spring.

The Spring reveals herself in secret only,
Through hidden signs we guess her mystic power.
The fields are bare, the woodlands wild and lonely,
But, lo ! beneath the earth she hides the flower.
The willows quicken at the river's brim,
The eager alder breaks her tiny buds,
The upland hills are wrapt in hazes dim,
And sweet, impulsive life has stirred the woods,
—*Dora Reed Goodale.*

For Nature's Sake.

When first the fragrant breath of balmy spring
Makes all the flower buds wake, and list, and
quiver ;
When bursting from its icy fastening,
In mad glee rushes each long-prisoned river ;
Whence spring's own fairy fingers deftly weave
For bare and storm-tossed boughs a leafy cover,
And spring's sweet voice calls all the birds to sing
The songs she loves, as o'er their nests they hover.
Then man, a prisoner in the dusty town,
Views from afar the miracle of spring's returning ;
And hardly understands the strange remorse,
That fills his soul with vague unrest and yearning ;
" We have despoiled thee, Nature," is his cry,
" Our halls of brick and stone have hid thy beauty ;
Perchance, in studying thy hidden laws,
While slighting thee, we do but half our duty.

" Our children do not know thy gentle face,
As through the barren streets they walk together ;
We wrong them, too, by keeping them apart
From thee, their friend, while shines the glorious
weather ;
But, ah ! their way is marked ; they cannot stop ;
The world's great voices call them onward ever—
That world that breaks thy pure and perfect laws—
Yet there are those who love thee well forever.

" A little time—one day in all the year—
We'll take, from thy far haunts to see and woo
thee—
To worship thee—to labor for thy sake—
To know thee well again, as once we knew thee ;
Again shall ' God's first temples ' grandly tower
Above our own, e'en as His hand is o'er us ;
While flowers brighten all the shaded isles,
And choirs of birds their praises sing in chorus.

" Be thou the priestess, Nature, at this shrine ;
Guide our slow searches through thy wondrous his-
tory,
Teach us the secrets that thou long hast hid—
To the pale student, yield thy treasured mystery !
And every year, this day we'll keep for thee—
In token that our paths no more shall sever,
Until we leave with thee what thou didst give,
And walk alone into the vast forever."

—*Fannie Barber Knapp.*

The Little Plant.

In my little garden bed
Raked so nicely over,
First the tiny seeds I sow,
Then with soft earth cover.
Shining down, the great round sun
Smiles upon it often ;
Little raindrops pattering down,
Help the seeds to soften,

Then the little plant awakes !
Down the roots go creeping,
Up it lifts its little head
Through the brown mould peeping.
High and higher still it grows
Through the summer hours,
Till some happy day the buds
Open into flowers.

—*Selected.*

The Song of the Seeds in the Spring.

Little brown brother, oh ! little brown brother,
 Are you awake in the dark ?
 Here we lie cosily, close to each other ;
 Hark to the song of the lark—
 " Waken ! " the lark says, " waken and dress you ;
 Put on your green coats and gay ;
 Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—
 Waken ! 'tis morning—'tis May ! "

Little brown brother, oh ! little brown brother,
 What kind of flower will you be ?
 I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother ;
 Do be a poppy like me.
 What ! you're a sunflower ? How I shall miss you
 When you're grown golden and high !
 But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you ;
 Little brown brother, good-bye.

E. Nesbit.

The Cumulative Effect.

Just a little every day,
 That's the way,
 Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
 Tiny blades push through the snow.
 Never any flower of May
 Leaps to blossom at a burst ;
 Slowly—slowly at the first,
 That's the way !
 Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,
 That's the way !
 Children learn to read and write
 Bit by bit and mite by mite ;
 Never any one, I say,
 Leaps to knowledge and its power ;
 Slowly—slowly—hour by hour,
 That's the way !
 Just a little every day.
 —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Work.

Down and up, and up and down,
 Over and over and over ;
 Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
 Turn out the bright red clover.
 Work, and the sun your work will share,
 And the rain in its time will fall ;
 For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
 And the grace of God through all.
 With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,
 Dress the ground and till it ;
 Turn in the little seed, brown and dry,
 Turn out the golden millet.
 Work, and your house shall be duly fed ;
 Work, and rest shall be won ;
 I hold that a man had better be dead
 Than alive, when his work is done !

Down and up, and up and down,
 On the hill-top, low in the valley ;
 Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
 Turn out the rose and lily.
 Work, with a plan, or without a plan,
 And your ends shall be shaped true ;
 Work, and learn at first-hand, like a man—
 The best way to know is to do !

Down and up till life shall close,
 Ceasing not your praises ;
 Turn in the wild, white winter snows,
 Turn out the sweet spring daisies.
 Work, and the sun your work will share,
 And the rain in its time will fall ;
 For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
 And the grace of God through all.

—*Nature in Verse.*

PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

Wonderful, in universal adaptation to man's need, God's daily preparation of the earth with beautiful means of life. First, a carpet, to make it soft for him ; then a colored fantasy of embroidery thereon ; then, tall, spreading of foliage, to shade him from sun-heat, and shade also the fallen rain, that it may not dry quickly back into the clouds, but stay to nourish the springs among the moss. Stout wood to bear this leafage ; easily to be cut, yet tough and light, to make houses for him, or instruments ; useless it had been if harder ; useless if less fibrous ; useless if less elastic.

Winter comes, and the shade of leafage falls away, to let the sun warm the earth ; the strong boughs remain, breaking the strength of winter winds. The seeds, which are to prolong the race, innumerable according to the need, are made beautiful and palatable, varied into infinitude of appeal to the fancy of man, or provision for his service ; cold juice, or flowing spice, or balm, or incense, softening oil, preserving resin, medicine of febrifuge or lulling charm ; and all these presented in forms of endless change.

—*John Ruskin.*

DANDELION.—"A flower that gilds both edges of the year."

"A golden thread that binds the months from April to November."

Little Dandelion.

Gay little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's note,
Poured from above ;
Wise little Dandelion
Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks,
Clothed but in green,
Where in the days ago,
Bright hues were seen ;
Wild pinks are slumbering ;
Violets delay ;
True little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion !
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low ;
Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dies the amber dew
Out from her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun
Fiercely and high ;
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion
In her white shroud
Heareth the angel breeze
Call from the cloud !
Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay !
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away.

—*Helen B. Postwick.*

To the Dandelion.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,

Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,

First pledge of blithesome May,

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with
thee ;

The sight of thee calls back the robin's song

Who, from the dark old tree

Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,

And I, secure in childish piety,

Listened as if I heard an angel sing

With news from heaven, which he did bring

Fresh every day to my untainted ears,

When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,

When thou, for all thy gold, so common art !

Thou teachest me to deem

More sacredly of every human heart,

Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam

Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show

Did we but pay the love we owe,

And with a child's undoubting wisdom look

On all these living pages of God's book,

—*James Russell Lowell.*

The Crocus's Soliloquy.

Down in my solitude under the snow,

Where nothing cheering can reach me —

Here, without light to see how to grow,

I'll trust to Nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,

Locked in so gloomy a dwelling ;

My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,

While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,

From this cold dungeon to free me,

I will peep up with my little bright head,

And all will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge,

As rays of the sun from their focus ;

I from the darkness of earth will emerge,

A happy and beautiful crocus.

Gayly arrayed in my yellow and green,

When to their view I have risen,

Will they not wonder how one so serene

Came from so dismal a prison ?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower

This little lesson may borrow,—

Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,

We come out the brighter to-morrow.

—*Miss H. F. Gould.*

Suppose.

Suppose the little cowstip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up";
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell;
And many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the little breezes
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small
To cool the traveller on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

Suppose the little dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child can do,
Although it has but little strength
And little wisdom, too!
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by its love.

—*Nature in Verse.*

Like and Like.

A fair bell-flower
Sprang up from the ground;
And early its fragrance
It shed all around;

A bee came thither
And sipped from its bell;
That they for each other
Were made, we see well.

—*Goethe.*

Discontented.

Down in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one who tried to hide herself,
And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin who had flown too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grew so trig and tall!
She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck,
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color;
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear Robin," said the sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day when you are flying?"

"You silly thing!" the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing."

—*Sarah O. Jewett.*

Ministry of Flowers.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure;
Blooming each year in Nature's widespread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

—*Horace Smith.*

Pussy Willows.

In her dress of silver gray
Comes the Pussy Willow gay –
Like a little Eskimo,
Clad in fur from tip to toe.
Underneath her, in the river,
Flows the water with a shiver.
Downward sweeping from the hill,
North Wind whistles, loud and shrill.

Birds are loth to wing their flight,
To a land in such a plight.
Not another flower is found
Peeping from the bark or ground.
Only Mother Willow knows
How to make such suits as those;
How to fashion them with skill,
How to guard against the chill.

Did she live once, long ago,
In the land of ice and snow?
Was it first by Polar seas
That she made such coats as these?
Who can tell?—We only know
Where our Pussy Willows grow.
Fuzzy little friends that bring
Promise of the coming spring.

—Elizabeth E. Foulke.

The Violet.

A little flower sprung up and grew
Amid the quiet dell;
The morning bathed its leaves in dew,
The sunbeams o'er it fell.

Fairer it grew, and grew more sweet
With green leaves round it set;
Oh! trample not with careless feet
On that fair violet.

But think that even so small a thing
May teach thee something good,
And to thy heart a lesson bring,
It rightly understood.

Thus would it say, "By meekness crowned,
Afar from pride and strife,
Amid the quiet shade is found
The sweetest bliss of life."

—Poetry of Flowerland.

"Is it raining, little flower?"

Be glad of rain;
Too much sun will wither thee,
'Twill shine again.
The clouds are black, 'tis true,
But just behind them shines the blue;
Art though weary, tender heart,
Be glad of pain!
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain;
God watcheth, and thou shalt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done."

Selected.

Some Things I Would Like to Know.

Would I were wise enough to know
How the little grass-blades grow;

How the pretty garden pinks
Get their notches and their kinks;

How the morning-glories run
Up to meet the early sun;

How the sweet peas in their bed
Find the purple, white, and red;

How the blossom treasures up
Drops of honey in its cup;

How the honey-bee can tell
When to seek the blossom cell;

Why the jay's swift wing is blue
As the sky it soars into.

I wonder if the grown folks know
How and why these things are so?

—Selected.

Sunbeams.

Merry little sunbeams,
Flitting here and there;
Joyous little sunbeams,
Dancing everywhere;
Come they with the morning light,
And chase away the gloomy night.

Kind words are like sunbeams
That sparkle as they fall;
And loving smiles are sunbeams,
A light of joy to all.
In sorrow's eye they dry the tear,
And bring the fainting heart good cheer.

Violet.

Oh, lovely little violet,
 I pray you, tell me, dear,
 Why you appear so early.
 Ere other flowers are here ?
 " Because I am so tiny,
 In early May come I ;
 If I came with the others,
 I fear you'd pass me by."

Tender little violet,
 Coming in the spring,
 Happy hopes of summer
 To our hearts you bring.
 Your delicious perfume,
 Scenting all the air,
 Guides us where you're hiding
 In the woodland fair.

—*Selected.*

The Flowers.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
 As astrologers and seers of eld ;
 Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
 Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
 God hath written in those stars above ;
 But not less in the bright flow'rets under us,
 Stands the revelation of his love.

Everywhere about us they are glowing,
 Some like stars, to tell us spring is born,
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
 Teaching us by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection,
 We behold their tender buds expand ;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

—*Longfellow.*

There isn't a blossom under our feet,
 But has some teaching short and sweet,
 That is richly worth the knowing ;
 And the roughest hedge, and the sharpest thorn,
 Is blest with a power to guard or warn,
 If we but heed its showing.

A tiny bunch of violets
 We see this afternoon,
 It breathes of spring, of birds on wing,
 Of earth in sweet, full tune,
 Of shady nooks and rippling brooks,
 Of leaves still wet with dew,
 Of life and love, of God above,
 And all things good and true.

—*Selected.*

The Use of Flowers.

God might have made the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small,
 The oak tree and the cedar tree,
 Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
 For every want of ours ;
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,
 And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
 Requireth none to grow ;
 Nor doth it need the lotus flower
 To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
 The nightly dews might fall,
 And the herb that keepeth life in man
 Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
 All dyed with rainbow light,
 All fashioned with supremest grace,
 Upspringing day and night —

Springing in valleys green and low,
 And on the mountains high,
 And in the silent wilderness,
 Where no man passeth by ?

Our outward life requires them not,
 Then wherefore had they birth ?
 To minister delight to man,
 To beautify the earth ;

To whisper hope—to comfort man
 When'er his faith is dim ;
 For whose careth for the flowers
 Will care much more for him !

—*Mary Howitt.*

—*Phæbe Cary.*

WIND AND WATERS.

Wind.

I am the wind,
 I come very fast ;
 Through the tall trees
 I blow a loud blast ;
 Sometimes I am soft
 As a sweet, gentle child.
 I play with the flowers,
 Am gentle and mild ;
 And then out so loud
 All at once I can roar ;
 If you wish to be quiet,
 Close window and door.

—*Selected.*

Where the Brook Goes.

Through the green meadow,
 Under the trees,
 Runneth a little brook,
 Fanned by the breeze ;

Over the pebbles bright,
 Dancing so gay,
 Flashing in silvery light
 All the long day.

While o'er the surface
 The sunbeams quiver,
 Onward it glideth,
 Down to the river.

Bathing the flowers
 That grow on its sides,
 Sprinkling the mosses,
 It onward glides.

Dancing and leaping
 And joyous ever,
 Onward it floweth
 Down to the river.

—*Selected.*

The Cloud.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams ;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one ;
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
 As she dances about the sun.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky ;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change, but I cannot die.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

The Journey.

Some little drops of water,
 Whose home was in the sea,
 To go upon a journey
 Once happened to agree.
 A cloud they had for carriage,
 Their horse a playful breeze,
 And over land and country
 They rode a while at ease.
 But ah ! there were so many,
 At last the carriage broke,
 And to the ground came tumbling
 These frightened little folk.
 And through the moss and grasses
 They were compelled to roam
 Until a brooklet found them
 And carried them all home.

—*Selected.*

Two Opinions.

The rain came down all over town,
 And everything was dripping.
 The walks were wet where crossings met,
 And every one was slipping.

Miss Dusty City Sparrow said :

“ What dreadful, dreadful weather !
 Such rain alone is bad enough,
 But rain and mud together
 Are really too unbearable !

I'm drenched through every feather.”

The rain came down far out of town,
 And everything was brightened.
 The grass was green, by rain washed clean,
 The cherry blooms were whitened.

Miss Happy Country Swallow said :

“ What lovely, lovely weather !
 Such rain alone is nice ; but think
 Of rain and mud together,
 While I have built my house of mud,
 The rain's washed every feather !”

—*Gladys Hyatt.*

Fairy Umbrellas.

The wet east wind had called to the rain,
 "Come down, little drops to the April flowers;"
 And over the grass and the sleeping grain
 And into the street they swept in showers,

They tapped at each door and called "Come up,
 For the bleak, cold wind and the snow are gone;
 Arbutus is lifting her perfumed cup,
 And the grass is carpeting all the lawn."

But the fairies that lived in the quiet wood,
 All wore their new spring bonnets that day;
 So they raised their umbrellas as quick as they could
 And under the trees went trooping away.

And the people said, when they saw them there,
 "The fairy umbrellas are out in the rain:
 O Spring has come so sweet and so fair,
 For there are those odd, little toadstools again."

—G. Packard DuBois.

A Brook's Complaint.

One day, tired with summer climbing,
 On the hillside straight before me
 Saw I in a gentle hollow
 That which promised rest and comfort;
 For the well-worn rocks and pebbles,
 Showing action of the water,
 Seemed to indicate most truly
 That a brook should have its course there.
 But approaching, eager hearted,
 Listening for the gentle murmur
 Which a brook forever pours forth,
 Wooing in most charming accents
 All its weary, longing lovers,
 I was sadly disappointed,
 For no greeting met my hearing,
 And on drawing nearer to it,
 There were only rocks and dryness —
 There was only left the hollow
 Where the streamlet once lay nestled,
 No refreshment now. No greenness
 Of the vegetation, tracing
 By its clear distinction
 All the windings that the brook made.

Then I sat me down and pondered,
 Feeling double disappointment;
 For a brook can charm a spirit
 Just as well as cheer the body.
 And as silence crept around me,
 Something seemed to stand before me,
 With a sad, dejected visage.

Thus began this apparition:—
 "I am here to tell my story.
 I was once a cheerful streamlet
 Coursing through this barren hollow
 Blessing plant and tree and mammal,

Cheering all that came or dwelt here.
 How the trees sent forth their branches,
 When with cool refreshing waters
 Bathing every branching rootlet
 I repaid their loving watch-care!
 How the birds sang in those tree tops —
 Made all Nature glad to hear them!
 While, with heart o'erfilled with music,
 Joyfully I joined their chorus.
 How I laughed to see this gladness;
 Laughed, and danced, and whirled, and chattered,
 As with consciousness of good done,
 On my way I'coursed this hollow!

"Then an evil day befell me,
 For the woodman's sounding ax-blows
 Crashed among my mute defenders,
 Laid them low—those haughty nobles —
 Laid them low and showed no mercy.
 Soon the sun glared down upon me,
 Parched my springs and drank my life blood;
 Till my fainting body vanished—
 Left me here to haunt these regions
 With my discontented spirit.
 Go back! lover of the streamlet,
 Teach the men and teach the children:
 Plant the trees and spare the forest,
 That the sun's devouring passion
 Steal not from the soil its moisture,
 Steal not from the streams their bodies,
 Bringing drouth and desolation."

And I'm here to tell the story,
 Asking you to give it heeding.
 Arbor day is fitting time to
 Lay this brook's complaint before you.

— Charles Warren Hawkins.

TREES.

Plant Trees.

Set out trees along the highway,
 Place them thick on either side;
 In the present joyous spring time,
 Everyone his part provide.
 Set out walnuts, chestnuts, beeches,
 Where the playful squirrels come;
 In the hemlocks, firs, and spruces
 Shall the song birds find a home.

Let their branches growing, turning,
 Forming arches o'er the way,
 Shield the horse and screen the rider
 Through the long hot summer day.
 Thick green leaves the golden sunshine
 Hiding while the dog star reigns;
 Then when autumn paints them gayly,
 Carpeting the hills and plains.
—Anna G. Marshall.

The Vine on the Schoolhouse.

When our ivy, grown in the years to come,
 Peeps over the schoolhouse eaves,
 A-toss in its limber branches,
 A-laugh in its rustling leaves;
 When it tinkles and taps at your windows,
 A-shine with the morning dew—
 O lasses and lads at your desks within,
 We planted the vine for you!

When a million tendrils tangle and cling
 Over walls now blank and bare,
 When fluttering wings and dancing leaves
 Give the summer a welcome there—
 Years hence, when our lessons and play are done,
 Your lessons and play to do
 Remember us, lasses and lads to come,
 We planted the vine for you!

When the shadowy grace of its verdant veil
 Shall soften the noontide glare,
 And wreath on wreath for gala days
 It garlands your building fair,
 Your bright flag blossoming out of the green
 Like a flower of triple hue
 O lasses and lads of the years to come,
 We planted the vine for you!

—F. E. Fitzhugh.

Little Saplings.

Tender little saplings
 Growing in the sun,
 Playing with the breezes,
 Merry every one.

Tender little saplings,
 When the days are long,
 Stretching and stretching,
 Growing tall and strong.

When the wind is blowing,
 See them swing and sway:
 Tiny branches tossing
 Every leaf at play.

Now we're very slender,
 But some day you'll see
 Every little sapling
 Grown to a tall oak tree.

Then the happy songsters
 In our arms will rest,
 And the mother birdie
 Build her cosy nest.

Tender little saplings
 Growing in the sun,
 Playing with the breezes,
 Merry every one.

—Clara J. Denton.

Growth.

Grow as the trees grow,
 Your head lifted straight to the sky,
 Your roots holding fast where they lie,
 In the richness below;
 Your branches outspread
 To the sun pouring down, and the dew,
 With the glorious Infinite blue
 Stretching over your head.

Receiving the storms
 That may writhe you, and bend, but not break,
 While your roots the more sturdily take
 A strength in their forms.
 God means us, the growth of His trees,
 Alike through the shadow and shine,
 Receiving as fully the life-giving wine
 Of the air and the breeze.

—Emily J. Fughee.

The Maple.

From burst of leaf till fall of leaf I braid
 For browsing herds deep amplitude of shade;
 From lowest springing branch to rounded crest
 I am the house the robin loves the best.

—Clinton Scollard.

Maple.

IN THE SUGAR CAMP.

(March.)

The sun is pouring from a cloudless sky,
The glittering snow o'er stream and field and hill
Will bear our weight ; there's summer in the air ;
But ah ! how bare the leafless wood and still !

There's scarce a breath to stir the maple trees ;
There's not a wildwood voice or bird afloat
Save the low alto of the chickadee,—
But hark ! Hurrah ! the bluebird's joyous note !

And oh ! the sun, the flooding golden sun !
The root-trees pour their floods beneath its beams
And from the maples come the gay drip-drop
Of sap on every hand in limpid streams.

The sun rolls high. The snow no longer bears.
The roads are swimming o'er with bubbling streams.
The tubs are filling in the sugar bush,
Drip-drop, and every drop like crystal gleams.

And now the steers. Leap on the hog'shead, boys.
'Tis now high time the gathering was begun ;
The snow is deep, but every maple tree
Must yield its pail of sweet ere set of sun.

And next the boiling. Through the whole long
night
The foaming pans pour out their clouds of steam ;
And when the darkness falls among the trees,
The fires send o'er the snow their ruddy gleam.

Far up the mountain moans a lonely owl ;
The river's murmur comes from far away ;
The air is damp,—the breath of mossy woods ;
But all about the fires is bright and gay.

For there are stories, apples juicy red,
And maple honey that the snow might stain.
O vision of my boyhood, perfect day,
I would I might come back to thee again !

—Fred Lewis Pattee.

Trees of Our Country.

ALICE E. ALLEN.

Air—"The Morning Light is Breaking."

AN EXERCISE.

All.—The winds all met in Cloudland
One clear and starlit night ;
Resolved to search the forests,
And meadows, broad and bright,
To find of trees the fairest,
Decked all in springtime green,—
The glory of the Nation,—
Of Arbor Day, the Queen.

Tallest Boys.—(Carrying small branches of cedar,
and forming line across back of stage.)

The west wind found the Cedar
Steadfast and straight and strong ;
"I live for thee, dear country,"
This was its loyal song,—
"I give myself to make you
The ships that sail the blue,"
"Oh ! plant," the west wind whispers,
"A cedar, strong and true !"

Tallest Girls.—(Weaving wreaths or garlands of
elm leaves in hair, forming line in front of
cedars.)

The east wind chose the Elm tree,
With branches spreading wide,
All grandeur, grace and beauty,—
The Nation's joy and pride.
It loves the cooling rain drops,
It loves the sun's warm ray,—
"Then plant," the east wind whispers,
"An Elm on Arbor Day !"

Smaller Boys.—(Carrying small branches of oak,
forming line in front of elms.)

The north wind in his tury
Bent down a noble tree,
It battled with the tempest,
As brave, as brave could be
"Oh, mighty Oak, I crown you
The monarch of the land !
So plant a tiny acorn,"
The north wind gives command.

Smaller Girls.—(Carrying small pine boughs,
and forming line in front of oaks.)

A wild bird called the south wind
Straight to the "murmuring pines,"
They point forever upward
Where God's blue heaven shines.
Come where the pitying Pine trees
Wait with their blessed balm,—
"Oh, plant," the south wind whispers,
"A Pine tree, sweet and calm !"

All.—(who are on stage)

The winds all met in Cloudland,—
Each chose a different tree,—
The trees themselves held council,—
Which *should* their fair queen be ?
The Pines, the Oaks, the Cedars,
The Elm tree straight and tall,
All chose the stately Maple,
The tree most loved by all !

VOICES OF NATURE.

The World.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
 With the wonderful water around you curled,
 And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—
 World, you are beautifully drest !

The wonderful air is over me,
 And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree ;
 It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
 And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Song of Three Singers.

Wave and wind and willow tree
 Speak a speech that no man knoweth ;
 Tree that sigheth, wind that bloweth,
 Wave that floweth to the sea ;
 Wave and wind and willow tree.

Peerless, perfect poets ye,
 Singing songs all songs excelling,
 Fine as crystal music dwelling
 In a welling fountain free ;
 Peerless, perfect poets three.

Wind and wave and willow tree
 Know not aught of poet's rhyming,
 Yet they make a silver chiming
 Sunward, climbing minstrelsy,
 Soother than all songs that be.

Flows the wind it knows not why,
 Flows the wave it knows not whither,
 And the willow swayeth hither,
 Swayeth thither witlessly,
 Nothing knowing save to sigh.

—*Epworth Herald.*

The poet Whittier has immortalized the nature-
 observing boy in these lines :

Knowledge never learned of schools,
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,
 Of the wild flower's time and place,
 Flight of fowl, and habitude
 Of the tenants of the wood ;
 How the tortoise bears his shell,
 How the woodchuck digs his cell,
 And the ground mole sinks his well ;
 How the robin feeds her young,
 How the oriole's nest is hung,
 Where the whitest lilies blow,
 Where the freshest berries grow,
 Where the groundnut trails its vine,
 Where the wood grape's clusters shine ;
 Of the black wasp's cunning way,
 Mason of his walls of clay,
 And the architectural plan
 Of gray hornet artisan :
 Nature answers all he asks,
 Hand in hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks.

In Common Things.

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo ! it glows
 In dew wet grasses all about thy feet ;
 In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet,
 In stars, and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For, see !
 It is a flower that blossoms by thy door.
 Bring love and justice home ; and then no more
 Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought,
 The simple duty that awaits thy hand
 Is God's voice uttering a divine command :
 Life's common deeds build all that saints have thought.

In wonder workings, or some bush aflame,
 Men look for God, and fancy Him concealed ;
 But in earth's common things he stands revealed,
 While the grass and flowers and stars spell out His
 name.

The paradise men seek, the city bright
 That gleams beyond the stars for longing eyes,
 Is only human goodness in the skies.
 Earth's deeds, well done, glow into heavenly light.
 —*Minot J. Savage.*

The City in Spring.

I like the city in the spring,
 It has a hint of everything ;
 Down in the yard I like to see
 The budding of that single tree.
 The little sparrows on the shed ;
 The scrap of soft sky overhead ;
 The cat upon the sunny wall ;
 There's so much meant among them all.

The dandelion in the cleft
 A broken pavement may have left,
 Is like the star that, still and sweet,
 Shines where the housetops almost meet.

I like a little ; all the rest
 Is somewhere ; and our Lord knows best
 How the whole robe hath grace for them
 Who only touch the garment's hem.

—*Mrs. Whitney.*

What the Trees Say.

"Be serious," the solemn pine
Is saying overhead;
"Be beautiful," the elm tree fine
Has always finely said.
"Be quick to feel," the aspen still
Repeats the whole day long;
While from the green slope of the hill,
The oak tree adds, "Be strong."

While with my burden, as I hear
Their distant voices call,
I rise, and listen, and draw near,
"Be patient," say they all.

—*Adapted from Youth's Companion.*

One Day at a Time.

"One day at a time" is the motto
The crest of the ages reveals—

"One day at a time,"

So rolls the sun in the heavens,
So shines the beauty of earth,
So throbs the heart of creation,
So whispers the angel of birth.

"One day at a time."

"One day at a time" is the motto
The crest of humanity shows—

"One day at a time,"

So sings the man in his labor,
So prays the heart in its pain,
So works the slave in his anguish,
So rules the king in his reign.

"One day at a time."

"One day at a time," is the motto
To honor song, action, and rhyme—

"One day at a time,"

"One day at a time"

For humanity's climb—

"One day at a time."

—*Elizabeth Porter Gould.*

A Fancy.

The flowers are Nature's poems,
In blue and red and gold;
With every change from bud to bloom
Sweet fantasies unfold.

The trees are Nature's music—
Her living harps are they,
On which the fingers of the wind
Majestic marches play.

—*Selected.*

Learn a Little Every Day.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell, the rivers flow;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward as they go!
Life is made of smaller fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work or play;
So may we with greater profit
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours.
Let us hasten then and catch them,
As they pass us on the way,
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page,
Here a line and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age,
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sun is making hay,
Thus we may by help of study
Learn a little every day.

—*Selected.*

There's something in the apple blossom,
The greening grass and bobolink's song,
That wakes again within my bosom
Feelings that have slumbered long.
As long, long years ago I wandered,
I seem to wander even yet.
The hours the die school-boy squandered,
The man would die ere he'd forget.
Dear hours! Which now again I over live,
Hearing and seeing with ears and eyes
Of childhood, ye were bees that to the hive
Of my young heart came laden with rich prize
Gathered in fields and woods, and sunny dells, to be
My spirit's food in days more wintry.

—*Lowell.*

Only a bit of sunshine,
 Would you know from whence it came ?
 Dropped from the sky by angels,
 To be scattered in Love's sweet name.

So pass it along on its mission,
 To comfort and bless and cheer,
 And you'll find that a bit of sunshine
 Will brighten a whole long year.

—*Selected.*

I feel at home with everything
 That has its dwelling in the wood
 With flowers that laugh and birds that sing,—
 Companions beautiful and good,
 Brothers and sisters everywhere ;
 And, over all, our Father's care.

—*Selected.*

There is a tongue in every leaf,
 A voice in every rill ;
 A voice that speaketh everywhere,—
 In flood and fire, through earth and air,
 A tongue that is never still.

—*Bryant.*

The Music of Nature.

The song of Nature is forever,
 Her joyous voices falter never ;
 On hill and valley, near and far,
 Attendant her musicians are.

From water brook or forest tree,
 For aye comes gentle melody ;
 The very air is music blent,
 A universal instrument.

When hushed are bird and brook and wind,
 Then silence will some measure find,
 Still sweeter ; as a memory
 Is sweeter than the things that be.

—*John Vance Cheney.*

Tiny Tokens.

The murmur of a waterfall
 A mile away,
 The rustle when a robin lights
 Upon a spray,
 The lapping of a lowland stream
 On dipping boughs,
 The sound of grazing from a herd
 Of gentle cows,
 The echo from a wooded hill
 Of cuckoo's call,
 The quiver through the meadow grass
 At evening fall ;—

Too subtle are these harmonies
 For pen and rule ;
 Such music is not understood
 By any school,
 But when the brain is overwrought
 It hath a spell
 Beyond all human skill and power
 To make it well.

—*Selected.*

SONGS.

SPRING AND THE FLOWERS.

ANON.

EMORY P. RUSSELL.



1. In the snow-ing and the blow-ing, In the cru-el sleet, Lit-tle flow'rs be-
 2. Where is win-ter with his snowing? "Tell us, Spring," they say, Then she an-swers:



- gin their grow-ing, Far be-neath our feet. Soft-ly taps the Spring and cheer-i-ly,
 "He is go-ing, Go-ing on his way. Poor old Win-ter does not love you."



- "Dar-lings, are you there?" "Till they an-swer," We are near-ly, near-ly read-y, dear."
 But his time is past. Soon my birds shall sing a-bove you—set you free at last."

By permission

Song for Arbor Day.

(Franklin Square Collection, No. 3, p. 130.)

We have come with joyful greeting,
 Songs of gladness, voices gay,
 Teachers, friends, and happy children,
 All to welcome Arbor Day.
 Here we plant the trees whose branches,
 Warmed by breath of summer days,
 Nourished by soft dew and showers,
 Soon shall wave in leafy sprays.

Gentle winds will murmur softly,
 Zephyrs float on noiseless wing;
 'Mid its boughs shall thrush and robin
 Build their nests and sweetly sing.
 'Neath its sheltering arms shall childhood,
 Weary of the noontide heat,
 In its cool inviting shadow
 Find a pleasant, safe retreat.

Plant we then throughout our borders,
 O'er our lands so fair and wide,
 Treasures from the leafy forest,
 Vale and hill and mountain-side,
 Rooted deep, oh, let them flourish:
 Sturdy giants may they be!
 Emblems of the cause we cherish,
 Education broad and free!

THE VIOLET

HULLAH



1. Down in a green and sha-dy bed, A mod-est vio-let grew. Its
 2. Yet there it was con-tent to bloom, In mod-est tints ar-rayed; And



stalk was bent; it hung its head As if to hide from view; And
 there dif-fused a sweet per-fume With-in its si-lent shade: Then



yet it was a love-ly flow'r, With col-ors bright and fair; It
 let me to the val-ley go, This pret-ty flow'r to see; That



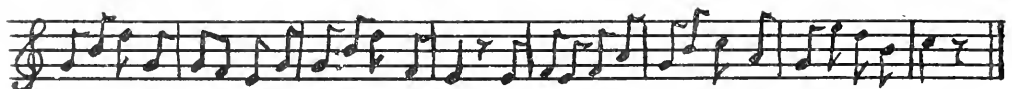
might have graced a ros-y bow'r, In-stead of hid-ing there.
 I may al-so learn to grow In sweet hu-mil-i-ty.

WHAT THE LITTLE THINGS SAID.

O. B. BROWN.



1. "I'll lie me down to yonder bank," A little raindrop said, "And try to cheer that lonely flower, and cool its mossy bed;
2. "I may not linger," said the brook, "But ripple on my way, And help the rills and rivers all 'To make the ocean spray;
3. If little things that God has made Are useful in their kind, Oh! let us learn a simple truth, And bear it in our mind:

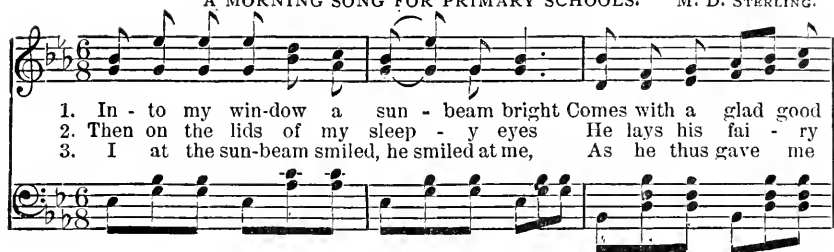


Perhaps the breeze will chide me, Because I am so small; But, sure-ly, I must do my best, For God has worked for all."
 And I must haste to labor," Replied the busy bee, "The summer days are long and bright, And God has work for me."
 That every child can praise Him However weak and small; Let each with joy remember this,—The Lord has work for all.

from "The Coda."

The Sunbeam.

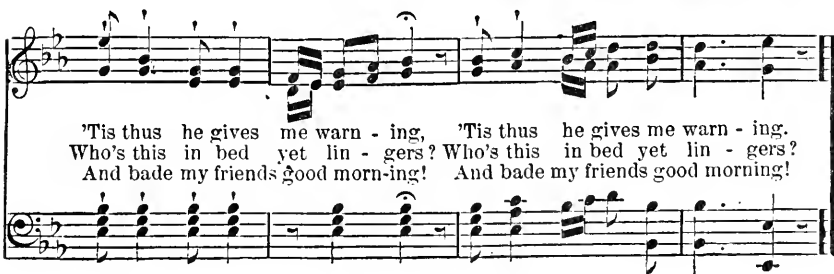
A MORNING SONG FOR PRIMARY SCHOOLS. M. D. STERLING.



1. In - to my win-dow a sun - beam bright Comes with a glad good
 2. Then on the lids of my sleep - y eyes He lays his fai - ry
 3. I at the sun-beam smiled, he smiled at me, As he thus gave me



morn - ing: "The night has gone, it is time you were up,"—
 fing - ers; "The birds and flow'rs are all... a - - wake,"—
 warn - ing; Out of my bed I right a - way... sprang;



'Tis thus he gives me warn - ing, 'Tis thus he gives me warn - ing.
 Who's this in bed yet lin - gers? Who's this in bed yet lin - gers?
 And bade my friends good morn-ing! And bade my friends good morning!

Who Will?

Tune.— "Upidee."

O who will sunshine make to-day,
 Sunshine bright, sunshine gay;
 Who'll bid the darker clouds go 'way
 And the sunbeams play?
 And as we bend a listening ear,
 It seems that we distinctly hear:

Chorus :—

Merry girls and boys reply,
 "I," "And I," "I," "And I,"
 "Pleasant hours to make we'll try
 As the day goes by."

Who'll speak but gentle words to-day,
 When at work, when at play;
 Who'll tell the cross ones "Go away"

And the sweet ones "Stay"?
 And as we bend a listening ear,
 It seems that we distinctly hear: *Cho.*

Who'll do a loving deed to-day
 For some one 'long their way?
 Who'll share a load or sing a lay
 Or a kind word say?
 And as we bend a listening ear,
 It seems that we distinctly hear: *Cho.*

Who'll let the good be king to-day,
 And the bad send away;
 Who'll to each coaxing tempter say,
 "I'll not with you stay"?
 And as we bend a listening ear,
 It seems that we distinctly hear: *Cho.*
 —Lettie Sterling.

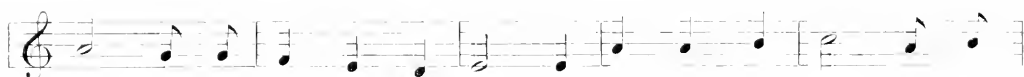
THE TREE.

B. BJÖRNSON.

EMORY P. RUSSELL.



1. The Tree's ear - ly leaf - buds were burst - ing their brown, " Shall I take them a
2. The Tree bore the blos - soms and all the birds sung; " Shall I take them a
3. The Tree bore his fruit in the mid - sum - mer glow; — Said the girl, " May I



way?" said the frost sweep - ing down. " No, leave them a - lone, till the
 way?" said the wind as he swung. " No, leave them a - lone, till the
 gath - er thy sweet ber - ries now?" " Yes, all thou canst see, take them.



blos - soms have grown." Played the Tree, while he trem - bled from root - let to crown.
 ber - ries have grown." Said the Tree, while his leaf - lets all quiv - er - ing hung.
 all are for thee," Said the Tree, while he bent down his la - den boughs low.

By permission

The Patriot Planters.

Air—"Scatter Seeds of Kindness."

We are levies of the greenwood
 We are knights of summer shade,
 And we march with branching banners
 To the clash of hoe and spade.
 All are fields are sunny spaces,
 Where no tillers ever toil;
 And we leave their deserts smiling,
 With our budding forest spoil.

Cho.—O happy land that bore us,
 O summer days before us,
 We are planting bloom and beauty,
 For your blessing by and by.

All along the leafy mountains
 Hear the ax of Ruin ring!
 See the woodland valley's glory
 Fall before the Plunder-king!
 But forevermore our country
 Shall a green dominion be;
 We are counting all her losses,
 We will give her tree for tree.

Set the gallant elm and maple,
 Set the plummy fir and pine,
 Set the weaving border willow,
 Set the fruit tree and the vine,

Set the antlered oaks and walnuts,
 And the shrubs that vernal blow,
 Till the burning wayside barrens
 Turn to gardens where they grow.

We are building for the future;
 Every loyal youth and lad
 Plants his April seed or sapling
 For a dwelling green and glad,
 Where the song birds of the morning
 Round their cradle-homes will play,
 And the rain will store its treasure
 For the streams that waste away.

O ye forests, fill the fountains;
 O ye rivers, fill the seas;
 O ye scions of the nation,
 Nurse the scions of the trees;
 And our native fields will freshen,
 And our waters sweeter pour,
 And the fiends of Thirst and Famine
 Blight our sacred soil no more.

—Rev. Theron Brown.

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